

VI

CUPID'S

Soliciter of LOUE.

With Sundry Complements.

Wherein is shown the deceitfulnes of Loving,
and Lovers, now a days commonly used.

With certain Verses and Sonnets, upon several subjects
that is Written in this BOOK.

By RICHARD CRIMSAL.



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Cupids

Cupid's Solicitor of love

A Young Gentleman to a beautious Fair
Young Gentlewoman.

MY beauteous fairest of Fair,
Courteous and kind Loving
Gentlewoman; my humble
Service I tender to your
compleat person, wishing you
continual happiness with true
joy and felicity: what more wankest in ex-
pression of words, my heart multigeth in
good thoughts towards you. Now sweet M-
sirs, let me, Oh let me intreat your patience
to lend your attentive ear unto the bearing of
some news as a Petition to your own person.
I am lately wounded with a shaft from God
Cupids Bow; he hath pierced my heart be-
yonge to my wounds bleed inward, and unless
you be an antidote to cure me, I am but a dead
man: the very air of your breath may cure me
if you please, and if you say the word it is done: and
I hope you will become a kind and comfor-
table Physician to me in my extremity. Alas
the Dart sticks fast still, and pricketh me very
sore, and makes me press near unto you: you
may pacifie my grief if you please. I am sick
of that Disease that King Peirus son Paris
was, when he beheld the face of fair Helena:
not that I would steal away that which is an-
other mans right; far be it from my heart so

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to do. **N**o, 'tis not to enjoy and inherit that which Cupid gives me counsel may be my o'wn: but alas, why did I say my o'wn? when as yet I have no possession: noz is giben me by that censure, which I do long to hear from the Judge of my cause, and that is your own self. Sweet, courteous, and kind **M**iscis, I cannot use my Tongue with eloquence, but for evidence of the true love I bear to you, it shall be express with motions of modesty, and actions of honesty: for to be plain and bysel, you are the only she that can cure or kill, you are she that mine eyes gaze at, that my thoughts feed on, that my senses dream on: nay, all my whole affections are settled on you only: I can neither eat, drinh, nor sleep, but in your company. Though it may be I am a hundred miles distance from you, yet I have the true Postrature of those red Cheeks, those Coral Lips, those bright Ramps of light, and that pretty compleat dimpled Chin, drawn out by a curious Cunning Limner, who hath used such art in his Workmanship, that I can do nothing but dote upon it: like unto Apelles which brought Art so near Nature, that he quite forgot the Work of nature, and learned only on the frame of art. But, **M**y sweet **M**iscis, pardon my forgetfulness, I began to desire your Favour to entertain my Love, which labour if I attain, I shall think my self most happy. I much long

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to hear that kind answer from that pleasing tongue of thine, my joy, my hearts delight. If thou countenance me with labour, then shall I ever hereafter expect true joy in heart, and peace in mind, and a full measure of love to my libes end. But oh if your respective souls, turn to unrepentant scowls, and your answer, which I hope will be kind and loving speeches, should turn to bitter words. Then you will even cast me into the deep abyse of Hell. Oh most courteous Mistress, let not that heart of yours harbour so much hardness in it, as to make your tongue to deny my request: it is but love I ask of you, it shall not be given neither, for I will repay it ten-fold double: trust my dear love I will, and this Ile promise truly, that thou shalt be made sole Gobernour and Commandress of all thou canst desire: my heart and hand thou shalt command to the utmost service that lies in me to do. Dpity my Youth, and do not kill my heart with grief, seeing it lies in thee to give it life. By these Speeches, and some other signs of Love which you may see appear in me, and you understand, that my happiness resteth only in you, So I tell yours to command, whilst death makes separation, expecting your kind answer.

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The Beautious Fair Gentlewoman's Answer
to the young Gentleman.

Most worthy and well-deserving Gentleman, I have had the hearing, and in part the perusal of your mind; which I find is a little intangled in Love, it is a Net or Snare which catcheth many fools, and I my self hereafter may make one of the same number; but as yet I am free and at liberty: And being free, I will seek to restrain the subtle Baits which are laid to trap poor silly Maids withal, And what are those baits? I will explain them, They are subtle Temptations and delusions which young men use by fair speeches and long process; and indeed Sir, I must be brief with you, and tell you plainly you have in this place and in my presence, laid the same Baits to intangle me, but trust me, sure as yet, I will not be caught this first time. Indeed, besides I am young and tender of age, slender in judgement, my knowledge is not sufficient to know an honest man from a knave, Indeed sir, I dare not enter into any state of marriage, without discretion: and furthermore, I am under the government of my parents, whom I dare not nor will offend: As they have performed their duty with care and cost in bringing me to this age, so I must in like manner perform my duty in obedience to them, as fits a childe to do: I must not cast the Reyns of the Bysde on the Horses neck and let him run where he pleaseth: such

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OF LOVE.

as do so, are to ride out of their way: nay, that
is not all, for many times daily experience tells
us, they catch a dangerous fall: kind Gentle-
man, you said my words could cure or kill, your
judgement fails in my opinion; certainly he's
but a faint Soldier that cannot stand above
one blow, and he's much fainter that dare not
stand one blow: this I leave to your consider-
ation. Kind Gentleman, I pray do not fall sick
of conceit; the Proverb is, Conceit without re-
ceit, is nothing but plain deceit. My Mother
calls, I must needs be gone, for which I am
heartily sorry: for I am fully persuadēd had I
time, I could cure your melancholly, and put
you into a fine fit of madnes: but truly Gen-
tleman, I must needs bid you adieu.

The gentlemans song in disdain of his Mistris.

The Tune is, *Come my sweet and bonny one.*

¶ Hall I dispair, or dye with care,
for her that will not love?
Hang him that will, i'le use my skill,
some other i'le go prove: (kind,
And if I can find one that will to me prove
Then her alway I shall obey and that she true
Methinks I hear some people fwear, shall find
the Female sex will change,
Then why should I, despairing dye,
for such as love to range? (take care,
I'le seek to find content in mind, & never more
I'le not complain, 'tis all in vain,
women are fond though fair. A

A young Citizen to a City Damosel.

Most vertuous Mistris, and bright blazing Star: whose beauty the beholders admire, thou art the Mirror of our age, or at least a precious paragon of pleasure: though I have made something bold intressing into your presence, yet I hope you will not be offended therewith: I dare presume if you did favour me but as much as I do affect you, that you would bid me welcome, and that heartily too. Fair Mistris, I am one that have crossed the Salt Ocean, and have dealt in many rich Merchandizes, and divers rich Druggs and dear Commodities, and precious rich jewels: but such a rich jewel as your self, I have not hitherto beheld with mine eyes. **W**hat I might be so happy a man to enjoy that admirable beuty of yours. **W**hy Gold buy it? I will not go without it: might sword win it? I will lay my life at stake to play for it: might travel fetch it? I would travel all the world over for it: or if a Ships Ladening of Pearls might obtain me this precious Jem; all Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, should not be long unsearched. **A**las, why do I speak of the farthest parts of the world, when it is here in presence, place fitting, and opportunities free; There is no danger but denial, and that danger makes me dread the loss of my love, my life and all other joys here on earth. **W**hy heart burns with Amies unquenchable: unless you quench the fire I dye in dispair. **W**hy I speak

Of LOVE.

weet Mistris, say, can you vouchsafe to release
me out of bondage, and let me walk at liberty:
kind courteous Mistris pity me, I am Cupids
prisoner: yet you have authority to release me
if you please. The debt that I owe is love, and
that I'le pay to you in abundant manner
too, and when I have paid you all that you
demand, yet I will remain your debtor ten
thousand sold more. Speak Mistris, speak, and
withal speak kindly, let me not languish in
misery. I say love and let me live, if you
answer o'erwise, then death stands ready to
strike me dead.

The City Dame's Answer to her Love.

Sweet Sir, you are a very proper young-
man, and compleat in all parts: the worse
fault that I can find in you is this, that you have
a very faint heart, or else it is a very false heart,
whiche I shall plainly make appear; in the first
place, that you shall dye for denial of my love,
that were a thing impossible: and on the cor-
sary, if it be not so, it must appear it is very
false in that you can say so much, counterfeit &
dissemble: but I will not blanie you for it: but
against the next morning, or the next maid you
speak to, I advise you to be better furnished, or
else you will be trapt in your speech: In the
mean space if I want one to set forth my praise,
I'le send for you: so I wish you may speed well,
when

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when you speak better, tell then farewell.

The young Gentleman being fallen Sick,
sends a Letter to his Love.

My humble duty and service to my disloyal
Mistress: this however to remeber my
love unto you, hoping for your content all hap-
piness and health, wishing you all joy and pros-
perity: & as you find the hand of my writing,
so I desire your well-wishing towards me at
my departure: and though you would not go to
Church with me as a Bride, yet I desire you
to accompany me as a Boucher to my Grave;
You may now truly find and know my heart
was not false, but true & constant, firm & sure:
to make it more apparent, if you come unto
me before I have breathed my last, I will seal it
to you by giving you all, or most of all that I
have. Thus I rest in hast, your unerpected and
desected Lover, for whom the Bell tolls.

The Letter is delivered to her, and she hasteth
to her Love.

How! a Letter from that young Gentle-
man & he like to dye: 'tis impossible: the
Messenger may learn of his Master to flatter &
dissemble a little. But stay, let me see what is
within said? he says disloyal Mistress, this I con-
fess is true enough, but he remembers his love
to me, and prays for me too, 'tis well done: &
I must wish him well at his departure: but
whither is he going? I marvel, O stay, what

OF LOVE.

is here? Accompany him as a Mourner to his grave: this makes me startle. O terror! O false bewitching beauty, why did nature bestow it upon me? the Hell tould, come let me to horse with all speed. O that I could flye in the air as swift as the Swallow, but yet I will be with my love speedily, if any helpe or help of mine may preserve his life, he shall be sure I will not fail him. So courteous kind Messenger, there is thy reward, make hast to thy Master, my love is dear to him, and so he shall find: Now I will hasten to him to relate my mind in secret to himself. O that I could send a Messenger to Death to stay that cruel stroke until such time as we have finished our Youthfull time of joy and pleasure. But no more delay, I am gone. Now sweet love, I come, I come with speed. My heart misgives me, who comes here? he makes hast, his horse sweats very much: ill news I fear me.

Another Messenger brings News, her
Love is dead.

Fair Mistress, my hast hath been much, to tell you that your delay hath been too long: alas, you are going, but your journey is in vain; death hath stopt the passage of my loyal master's coming to you, & I may serve to stay your journey to him: he is dead, your unkindness to him hath caused his death: had you been kind and loving, then had my Master still had breath: his

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Loss of Ise makes me bold to tell you, that you
are to blamie. Yet withal I may pacifie you;
again, he hath made you Heire of all his Land &
Lising. Mistris, I know this thing hath a
sweet sound with it, and as I did wound you,
yet this plaster will cure all again.

The Maidens sorrow declared.

O Sad and heavy newes hast thou declared to
me, dolor and woe hath possessed my heart:
I am tormented in my mind, & know not what
to say or do. I am oppresed with grief and ca-
lamity: why was I born to be the death of so true
loving and a kind young man? O why did na-
ture work her art so farr in me, as to bestow
that perfection of workmanship in so faire a piece
of clay: she hath adorned me with a faire ou' side,
but within she hath placed a stony heart, that
was not endued with pity till it was too late.
Now I plainly perceive my own folly, and find
out my error: alas my love, thou wast kind and
loyal in thy love, but I was false and unem-
ployant to thee. O would I could now call thee
back again from death, or that death would be
so much my friend to call me into his company.
But alas, my wishes are in vain: I will betake
my self to my closet and weep for my true loves
death, and bury my tears in his grave: I will
attend his Bierse as a sed mourner, & write an
Epitaph whereby the world may know here-
after that I heartily grieved for his death.

OF LOVE.

The Epitaph she writ upon his Grave.

Here lyeth he, which dy'd for me,
my fault I must confess ;
My self was she, prov'd false to thee,
I cannot say no less :
For which I vow not to dissolve
my love to any other :

Thine i'le remain, till death hath tane,
me, to the ground my mother.

A young mans subtily to win a young maid.

Sweet Virgin, and Mistris of my thoughts,
I have long desired to speak with you, about
the matter you wot on : I told you in part, my
mind at the last meeting we had, and your an-
swer was to me, that you would resolve me at
your next meeting, now is the time or never,
for I am on flame, or else you will destroy the
whole substance of my heart, I need not declare
my substance, nor tell you of the worthy acts
I have achieved, these things are very well
known unto you : if my deserts do not deserve
so merit Love, then in brief tell me so : and on
the contrary, if you find that I do deserve your
love, then answer lovingly ; say that I shall
be the man, and none but I, and speak, or for
ever hereafter be silent.

The maids answer to her best beloved.

My love, to your demand I answer thus :
Were I the Paragon of the world, yet
would I be thy Paramour : had I the wealth
of

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of Croesus, yet my self and it would be at thy command: my affections are settled only on thee, and I long to see the day wherein we may be knit together in Hymens bands, my heart, my hand, and what else thou canst demand, or command from me, resteth at thy disposing: in token whereof I le sing forth thy prasse.

The Maids Song in praise of her Love.

The Tune is, I fancy none but thee.

Were my love a silly Shepherd,
I would be his Shepherdess;
Or were he but a poor Neat-herd,
I would love him ne'r the less:
But he is one that is well known,
to be a man in every part,
And he alone shall be my own,
for I love him with all my heart.
He is proper, tall, and slender,
Nature us'd her Art in him:
I will still be his defender,
he's to me a precious jem:
Him will I love whilst I do live,
him will I honour and obey,
My hand, my heart, to him I le give,
he is my love, my life, my joy.

A young man to an Old Widdow.

Widow, I come to bring yow ydings of joy,
cease to weep for the dead, yow tears are
spent in vain, 'tis but mere folly and mudness,
think on the living: suppose yow see another
husband

Of L O V E.

husband before your eyes, & one that may give you comfort in your old age: say the man be like my self, cannot you find in your heart to love him? Say widdow can you not? You see I am young and lusty, and in the prime of my youth: doubt not but I will prove loving and kind to you during the term of life: I am none of those that come to you with complements, but I speake in plain tearms: tell me truly from your heart, had not you better content in bed when you lay with your husband, then you have now you lye alone? I know if you speak true you cannot say the contrary: a man is a comfort to a woman & a woman the like to a man, being joyned together in hymens bands: Now tell me widdow, have I spoke the truth or no? You know by experiance, I speak by the way of supposition: But if you find I speak truth, then trust me, and try me in the case of Marriage: wherein you shall find I will prove a loving husband to you, during such time as either of us shall draw breath. Answer me speedily, and let us dispatch the matter suddenly, so we may both enter into joy presently.

The Widdows Answer to the Young-man.

Truuly you have touched me to the quick: I cannot say, but I had more pleasure in one nights lodging with my husband, then I have had ever since he dyed, which is the space of a whole month, and truly I will take your coun-
sel:

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Iel: for I will not be alone another month for no good. Wherefore I do accept of you for my Due band, and a comfort to me: and with speed let us perform the match, and seal the bands in presence of the Congregation.

A Song upon the Wooing of a Widdow.

To the Tune of, I am in Love, &c.

HE that will wooe a widow must not dally
He must make hay while th' Sun doth shine
He must not with her stand shall I, shall I,
but boldly say Widdow thou must be mine:
Maids are unconstant, widdows are unkind,
The best of all as fickle as the wind,
'Tis vain to wooe a Widdow over long,
in once or twice her mind you may perceive
Widdows are subtile be they old or young
& by their wiles young men they will deceive
Strike home at first, and then she will be kind
Else you shall find them fickle as the wind,
Maids they are cross, the proverb doth tell
young-men must flatter them all the while,
But widdows they love a bold spirit well
& if you please her, then on you she'll smile:
If you can give content unto her mind,
She'll love you well, else her you'll fickle find.

The Complement of a young man to his

Love, of her unconstancy,

O My darling, my dove, my duck, my deer,
Whom I have so long respected, shall I now
be disdained? what for ever? can that heart of
thine

OF LOVE.

thine harbour cruelty in it always; & that tongue of thine, can it run eloquently upon deceit, and nothing but deceit? how often times have we kissed each other, and toyed with monsieur Dalliance, when thou hast protested and sworn that none but my self shoulde enjoy thy person: the two bright blazing stars of thine hath caused me to gaze at them, thy Coral-lips were to me as Load-stones to draw hilles tenth me. All which thou protestest was according to thine own hearts desire, and art thou now all changed again? for shame let not the tongue of man report it, 'twill be a disgrace to you and all your Sex. Whereafter turn thy heart to love, & love again. & let me not spend all my love in vain.

The Maids Answer to her Love.

A Las poor simple man, dost thou complain of any unconstancy? no, complain of thy own negligence, thou hast been too slow in thy proceedings: the time was I did love thee well, thou shouldest have made good use of the time, but nows time is past away, and cannot be recalled again: if you men complain of women, and say, they are changing, why are you men so slow & do not take opportunity before they do change, now 'tis too late to call after me, for I am now like to the hawk that flies from the nest, and returns back again with his Lure, not so, you see deceived, therefore rest your self contented and

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strike no more, for it is all against the stream,
and so farewell, I leave you to your good Fortune,
and wish you may have a good wife, if
you can tell how to get her, otherwise to dye a
Batchelor.

A Sonnet made by a young man, shewing
the Maidens Unconstancy.

The Tunc is, *The Blazing Torch.*

MY love to me doth prove unkind,
and bids me now adien,
I find she bears a fickle mind,
and leaves me for a new:
Ill hap had I to dote on her,
which will not constant prove,
She more doth breed my grief and care,
and will not be my Love.

Had I known this in former times,
be sure she should not flown,
We were United once in minds,
I counted her mine own:
But now she's gone away from me,
alas she flies to rove,
I am perplext in misery,
she will not be my Love.

Let all young-men a warning take,
use time while time doth serve,
My negligence made her forsake
me, as you may observe:
I once had time and all things fit,
that I in fancies strove,

That

OF LOVE.

That time again I cannot get,
she will not be my Love.

A Young-mans kind request of his
Dearly Beloved.

Happy be the time of our meeting, my joy,
my sweet and dearest Love: I was much
grieved in mind at thy too long absence, your
friends murmur at me, & I know it is not un-
known to them that I speak the truth: but
what care I for the frowns of the whole world,
if I may but obtain thy Love and good will: if
thou smile on me, I will boldly out-face any. I
fear not to challenge even Hercules, were he
living, in the defence of her whom I so dearly
love. But alas, our time is short, we cannot dis-
course, time will not permit us leisure, nor is
our place fitting: wherefore my Love murmur
speedily thy name, I will remaine thine till
death us depart.

The Maids kind Reply to her Dear.

My Love, though all my friends scowl,
and the world envy our happiness, yet I
will love thee whilst life doth last: providing
with speed, that we two may be joyned & made
as one; till then, I will your loyal and loving
partner of all sorrow, grief and care, and after
I will joyn with thee in happiness, joy unto
infinity, wherein we will both take an equal
share, doubt not, I will not fail thee.

Here's my hand, come give me thine,
So hand in heart we both will joyn.

The

The Man to his Love again.

MY love, my life, my joy, my wife,
so thee I well may term ;
My hand thou hast, my heart is plac'd,
with thee so for to joyn :

My Turtle Dove, my Dearest Love,
my joys I cannot express,
The thoughts of thee, hath blinded me,
as needs I must confess.

Hadst thou deny'd to be my Bride,
my sorrows had begun,
And more beside, I sure had dy'd,
my Glass had sure been run ;
Thus we will part, my own Sweet-heart,
till the approaching day,
Then we'll make known, to joyn in one,
till death take life away.

The Shepherds Wooing of a Country Lass.

MY dearest and well-beloved, you are well,
met here in the Dotions, where you may
see my flock feeding, and my young Lambs
whispering for joy that you are come hither to ac-
company me, which before I saw you, I was
beset with sorrow and sadness, now I am as
much posset with joy and gladness: I will now
sump my pipes, and play you sundry Tunes to
make you mirth: I will play you loves delight,
which if you will dance ther with me, I know
you will habe hearts content in doing the same.
Say Sweet-heart, will thou consent to yield and
love me? thou sayest my love is pleasant and
dainty

Of LOVE.

Wanty : if thou wilst consent, thou shalt be surd
to have Wool enough to keep thee warm, one
look what thou canst desire, thou shalt have to
give thy mind satisfaction : say, Sweet-heart,
canst thou love me y^e or no ?

The Maids answer to the Shepherd.

Kind Shepherd, I like well of thy motion,
if I pray thee let me hear thy pipes play, and
if I like thy Musick, I will tell thee more of
my mind, till then I will be silent.

The Shepherd plays, and sings her a Song.

The Tune is, *Within the North Country.*

Brave Tamberlain he was

a Shepherd on the plains,
And to his Love he gain'd a Lass,

which pleas'd him for his pains :

And many shepherds more, had sped almost as
I cannot reckon them all o're,

nor name where they do dwell.

But I my self am here,
and sue to thee for Love,

If thou deny me then,

I fear it my death will prove.

Wherefore to me be kind,

and save a shepherds life,

And thou shalt find I am inclin'd,

for to make thee my Wife.

Well Shepherd say no more,

I grant to thy request,

As thou bid'st me speak before,

'tis thee that I love best.

The

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The Saylor to his Love, he being newly come
from the Indies.

Now my joy, what sayest thou? I see you
are not yet married to any one since my
departure, and I hope you have not los'd
Chastity: since last I saw you, I have crossed
the curled waves of Neptune, have ventured
my life in many cruel Storms, to see and to
search the Indies, to bring home some Gold
and Pearl for my Girl: canst thou now find in
thy heart to love me no? tell me sweet-heart canst
thou?

His Loves Answer to him.

ALas sweet-heart, I have had no joy never
since your departure: I thought long until
I heard of your return home again, and doubt-
ful I was, that the sulky waves of Neptune
would have drowned thee: but now I see thy
person on shore, I am right joyful, and if thou
wilt be ruled by me, thou shalt not endanger
thy self no more on the dangerous seas, thou
mayst now stay at home and solace thy self with
the delights of Love: thou shalt be my Master,
and I will be thy Pilot, thou shalt be a full
Master, and I will be a whip for thee to sail in:
in plain, thou shalt be my love, my life, and I
for ever will be to thee a loving wife.

The Sailors Song of joy for gaining his Love:
The Tune of, *Come my sweet and bamy me.*

After this cruel storm at Sea,
I find a calmed shore,

She

Of LOVE.

She now begins for to love me,
who hated me before:
This is a change, and very strange,
it seemeth unto me,
Ye happy wind, that blows so kind,
my ship sails fair and free.
My love was wont for to be coy,
and me she did disdain,
Now she calls me her only joy,
this is a pleasing strain:
Cupid hath struck a lucky stroke,
she now is bent to love,
Which pleaseth me most wondrously,
that she so kind should prove.
Perhaps 'tis because I have brought means,
from off the Ocean main,
By all suppose it truly seems,
I did not fail in vain:
Now I have won my prity one,
and wealth enough beside,
Had I not gone, 'thad not been done,
nor had she been my Bride.
Now unto Church in hast we'll go,
and Wedded we will be,
Now pleasures tides begins to flow,
between my love and me.
We'll make no stay, but post away,
and end what is begun,
My heart is thine, and thine is mine,
my fair and pretty one.

The

Cupids Sollicitet, &c.

The Author to the Buyer of the Book.

Of love and lovers here I will explain,
Some false, some firm, & some for love are slain
So merrily disposed, plays the wag,
And other some of true love seems to brag :
Some are constant, some changing as the weather
And some again joyn love and life together :
Some they are shepherds, some they are courtly
(Swains)
And some are such as swimmeth on the plains :
Some they are Saylors which doth crosse the Seas
And some there are that live at home at ease :
In plain, they are all Cupids wounded men,
That seek for help to cure themselves again.

F I N I S.

